EIGHT LETTERS TO HITLER, BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

The Saturday Review of Literature

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LETTERS OF FORD MADOX FORD
By Paul Alexander Bartlett

"PUBLIC POLICY AND THE GENERAL WELFARE"
By Charles A. Beard

"THE NEW CENTRALIZATION"
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"ADMINISTRATION AND THE RULE OF LAW"
By J. Roland Pennock
Three Reviews by Lindsay Rogers

JOSEPH WITTLIN: THE DEAN OF POLISH LETTERS
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"DIGGING FOR MRS. MILLER"
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"LANCE"
By Edward F. Haskell
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"THE RELUCTANT REPUBLIC"
By Frederick F. van der Water
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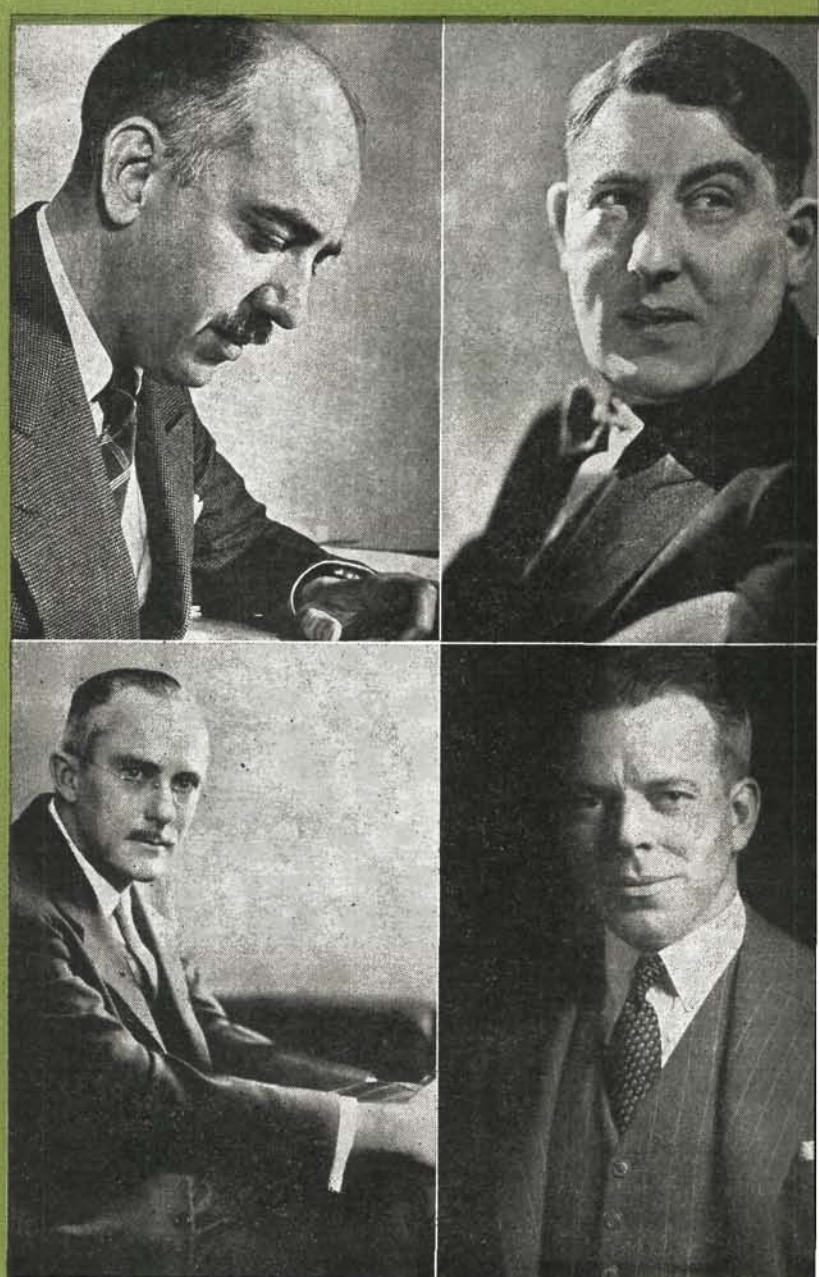

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Four of eight writers who have written their own manifestos of democracy: top (left to right), Ralph Ingersoll and Pierre van Paassen; bottom, David Cushman Coyle and Lawrence Hunt. Their books are discussed by Samuel Grafton. *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Letters of Ford Madox Ford

PAUL ALEXANDER BARTLETT

FOUR hundred letters are something of a "find" in any country, at any time, and four hundred letters by Ford Madox Ford should be enough to satisfy any collector, writer, or any one with curiosity.

Letters in the collection are as brittle and as impermanent as autumn leaves. Many of them are smudged; some are tattered; some are foxed; some have been water soaked; some have been blackened by fire. Soon, in spite of the utmost care, they must disappear. They cover a thirty-two year period. Here are letters from London, Paris, Amiens, Bad Nauheim, Münster, Rye and Fittleworth in Sussex, Marburg, Toulon, Philadelphia and Newport and Montreal and New York, and a host of other towns and cities. Ford writes on tablet sheets, on blue stationery, on elegant white and cream; there are lines from the Mermaid Club, the National Liberal Club, lines on his regimental stationery (3*rd* Battalion, The Welch Regiment, *Red Car*). He scratches messages on *English Review* papers, on *transatlantic review* papers, on budget letter cards, on cards. Some letters are typed, some are written by secretaries, some are signed by Violet Hunt, some by his wife.

Ford was famed for his wretched penmanship. His manuscripts got into difficulties; a Miss Fowler was, for years, his faithful translator into typescript. Slowly—like an Egyptologist over papyri—she made his work readable. Her typing required months, months for a full length novel.

> . . . Before we can go into the question of paying in advance the sum agreed upon for payment on publication of the [Ford] books, you will, I am sure, appreciate that I must have been able to read the manuscript. I have endeavored this afternoon to get on some terms with the manuscript you have delivered to us, but I am sorry to say I find that part which is in Mr. Hueffer's (Ford's) handwriting quite illegible. I therefore feel obliged to return this copy, and ask you to be good enough to let us have the manuscript portions typewritten . . .

Schreiber

Ford Madox Ford

Later Ford rebelled. He wrote that if Mr. Waugh "will examine the slip-proof of the ten thousand words printed by *The English Review* printers he will see there is only one misprint caused by my handwriting . . . The *Dial* has also printed long passages from the book from my original M. S. without a single mistake . . . "

Typically, Ford's pen-and-pencil letters manifest haste and carelessness; he abbreviated words. You became *y.* Should became *sh'd;* would became *w'd;* could became *c'd;* which became *w'h.* Words had a tendency to elongate and blur into almost illegible curvatures.

Throughout more than thirty years his business letters maintain a crisp business tone. He frequently invited his London agent to dine: the most friendly invitation seems to be this one: Won't you come "to lunch and go to the Exhibition and drink Cognac afterwards?"

One of his briefest letters is in Latin. It is addressed to J. B. Pinker, his London agent, and runs:

> Dear Pinker:
> Sic voluisti, sic jubes, stet pro ratione voluntas.
> Yours,
> F. M. F.

That was written in 1929.

An early letter, written in 1908, is of a different tone; it arouses immediate sympathy.

> Dear Pinker:
> I enclose the story . . . I wonder if you'll lend me £100 . . . I'm so desperately pushed for money that I really can't afford proper meals . . .

This is the Ford the elegant Ford of London, who strolled with a Great Dane on leash, dressed in lavender trousers, tailored, flower in buttonhole. The Ford whose aunt was Christina Rossetti, whose grandfather was the painter, Ford Madox Brown, whose father was Dr. Francis Hueffer, writer and music editor for the London *Times.* The Ford of the Swinburne-Rossetti-Turgenev-Stephen Crane-Conrad-Lawrence-Galsworthy England.

His letters to Pinker during the early years were generally pleas for money in advance. "Damn Xtmas!" he says in 1905. "Send £40 to my bank." Later—"could you advance me, say, £75?" In 1906 a telegram reads: "wire sixty." Ford struggles against debt and illness and his family illnesses. He cries out against "friendly" parasites. It is an inspiring struggle, the more so because you realize the man understands his odds.

It is not generally known that Ford published anonymously. One of his pseudonyms was Daniel Chaucer. On March 30th, 1910, he wrote this amusing letter.

> Dear Pinker:
> I shall be sending you in the course of a few days a manuscript called "The Simple Life, Limited," by a young author called Daniel Chaucer in whose work I am exceedingly interested. I may say that I have not the slightest doubt that it is just as good or better than anything I could do myself. It will reach you as soon as it has had time to be typed . . .

How he must have laughed as he typed that letter—typed it in lavender ink.

About this remarkable, unknown writer he was to tell Pinker:

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I can't at the moment know where Daniel Chaucer actually is. Perhaps you w'd write to him.
c/o A. P. Marwood . . .

Here is one of his humorous bouts with the staid Pinker:

Dear Pinker:
Would you mind telling me your movements—I mean when you go on your holidays? For although I should like to sleuth you and remove from you the immense bags of gold which nightly you transport to your treasure house I do not not see my way immediately to embark on the enterprise.

He liked to prick with his gibes. He could be slyly humorous or violent or blunt or clever or secretive—almost always he kept himself well in the background.

From time to time he tried to sell Pinker his agricultural products. In 1921 he wrote (it was a hastily typed sheet): "My hay crop is singularly well-harvested. I could supply your stables at extremely low prices considering the quality of the article." He also offers pigs. "I could let you have stone pigs as per photo enclosed at fifty guineas per half dozen." He offers "March hatched cockerels" and "ditto pullets." There are other offers, but there are not many; his sales possibilities seem afterthoughts, mere postscripts.

It is of interest to note his comments regarding his 1913 publication, "The Young Lovell." He had a trying time selecting a title. At first he called it "The Cross of St. Joseph," then "The Tournament Of Women," then "The Young Lovell, A Romance of the Marches." "I hate historical novels," he wrote. He did not want "The Young Lovell" to go "to just any publisher." Again he praised it, saying: "If it is anything at all, it is really literature and I have spread myself over it . . . "

(Examining Ford's list of his books for a proposed collected edition I find "The Young Lovell" is missing. His proposed list, of this period, 1927 or 1928, includes "The Good Soldier," "Some Do Not," "No More Parades," "A Man Could Stand Up," "The Last Post," "Joseph Conrad," "Henry James," "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes," "Romance," "Mirror To France," "Poems, Collected Edition," "Collected Poems," "On Heaven," "Mr. Bosphorus," "New Poems," "Ancient Lights," "The Inheritors," and "Nature of a Crime.")

In another letter Ford mentions his difficulty with book titles. In this case Ouida has distressed him.

I wish Ouida, who used that title, "The Altruists," could be hung and her book burned by the public executioner. But I suppose even a Literary Agent can't reasonably be asked to arrange that? . . . I've been wracking my poor brains for a new title. I can't think of anything better than "The Benefactor" . . . I believe titles are all important . . . I wish there were no such things as titles . . .

In 1914 Ford is violent. He strikes out:

I have worked damned hard for many years to establish my name as a good-will and that's all there is to it—conceit or no conceit. I don't need money and, unless I can get a good price I won't sell my immortal soul to any of your blooming devils.
I want also stability; I can't think it to be either good or gracious to go jumping about from publisher to publisher as I have done in the past.

He seems to have forgotten his recent monetary needs. Or is this affluent gesture a gesture of the moment?

Ford wrote his London agent a letter a month on the average; he was writing something like two books every year, books and articles and, along with these major undertakings, he carried on a voluminous correspondence. This collection, though largely related to business, though largely addressed to his agents, is impressively expressive of tenacity, faith in self, will-to-fame. Writing was Ford Madox Ford. Early in his career, as he said later, he might have paraphrased Hokusai and asserted that he was mad about writing.

The war of 1914-1918 came, and Ford enlisted; he fought, as an officer in the infantry, and was seriously wounded at Bécourt-Bécordel in 1916. That was the time he was haunted by immense shapes in grey-white *cagoules* and shrouds, mowing and whispering horrible plans to one another! "It is true they all wore giant, misty gasmasks . . . "

Maybe he was seeing, in his 1918 retina, a shadow of these *cagoules* when he wrote from his 3rd Battalion headquarters:

. . . *No* man of letters of my standing has been twice out to France, actually on service and in the trenches, without wangling any sort of job on the staff but just sticking it in the Infantry for the love of the job.

A year later he was to write Mr. Pinker, from the Author's Club of London, after having been gassed and invalided out of the army:

Would you kindly observe the following facts:

Yesterday I changed my name by deed poll from Hueffer to Ford, partly to oblige a relative and partly because a Teutonic name is in these days disagreeable and though my native stubbornness would not

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Eight Letters to Herr Hitler

REVIEWED BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

DEMOCRACY'S BATTLE. By Francis Williams. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 324 *pp.* $2.75.

THE TIME IS NOW! By Pierre van Paassen. New York: The Dial Press. 1941. 80 *pp.* $1.

AMERICA IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR. By Ralph Ingersoll. New York: Bobbs-Merrill. 1941. 152 *pp.* $1.50.

AMERICA. By David Cushman Coyle. Washington: National Home Library Foundation. 1941. 91 *pp.* $.25.

AGAINST THIS TORRENT. By Edward Mead Earle. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. 73 *pp.* $1.

OUR WAR AND OUR PEACE. By James P. Warburg. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 227 *pp.* $1.75.

A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Lawrence Hunt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 131 *pp.* $1.50.

THE MORALE OF DEMOCRACY. By the Hon. Jerry Voorhis. New York: The Greystone Press. 1941. 93 *pp.* $1.

THIS is the year in which almost every writer of importance has written his own little concordance to the Declaration of Independence; usually a "quickie," usually a failure in the bookstalls, and, strangely enough, usually worth reading. It has been a special pleasure to marshal the titles above in so impressive an array; they make a kind of barricade of words about democracy, behind which it would be easily possible to mount a machine-gun and blaze away at the invader. These are only eight titles out of some forty concerned with democracy which stand across the back of my desk; and I am excluding my own little book, which was bound soft and insists on lying down. I emphasize the great number of these small works with deliberate intent; their very numerousness is a solid political and intellectual fact, more important, perhaps, than the content of any one of them. The fact is that in the winter of our discontent dozens of our leading writers have felt themselves compelled to write small testaments of democracy. One can see them, racing to their publishers, each face alight with the glory of discovery, each utterly convinced of the importance, aye, the instant, pressing need, for dissemination of his message. Each has, in his own accents, cried: "Awake!", and it is far more significant than anything which could be said about each book to note this mass movement, this deeply-felt urge, this prompt of conscience. If we have had an intellectual trend this last winter, this is it.

It has been a school without a leader and without a manifesto. Each man has rediscovered democracy for himself, and has spoken about it in terms sometimes naive, sometimes stirring, sometimes luminous with love and with the will to do, and sometimes merely hysterical. We have no such recent tradition of political discourse in this country as might, in other circumstances, have enriched these works with the clash of mind on mind; almost every one of these volumes is, in a sense, a primer, breaking ground for both author and reader; lone voyages of discovery. The validity of most of these works lies largely, therefore, in which might be called their moral premise; these are men of good will, who are not ashamed to talk about freedom as unblushingly as once they talked about breakfast; and there is no alternative but to love them for it. They are, in a word, so damn nice. I would not trust any one of these little books to demolish Hitler, but the fact that we have thirty or forty men who can write in these accents is a fact pregnant with utmost menace for fascism.

So is the uniformity of the terms in which they state their cases. These men, who obviously belong to no school, write as if they do. Their general starting-point is a critique of democracy's past performance. The unanimity with which the writing men of today are dissatisfied with what has gone before should be a fact of most poignant concern to conservatives. They will not find one book in this lot which says that democracy was super-fine as it was, and has been merely the victim of hard luck, or Hitler. Mr. van Paassen comes closest to the devil theory of history, envisioning our struggle, not as a contest among the aspirations of the tumbled millions of this earth, but as a superlatively clever chess game, in which we must find the key to the brilliant winning move, which, he believes, has something to do with the control of Africa. But even he throws in, on his next to last page, the thought that we must "set Asia ablaze from one end to the other with the ideal of democracy." Whether they toss in this true vision as an afterthought, or patiently document it through many pages, as does Mr. Francis Williams, it is there, in some form, in each of these volumes. The eyes of these writers have opened wide at Hitler's approach, and each is gnawed by the thought that this can be no accident, but must betoken some failure on our part to light the dark places of earth

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—*From "Low on the War," by Low.*

"*You* may have begun man—but *I*, Adolf Hitler, will finish him."

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Make Haste, Hitler

DIGGING FOR MRS. MILLER: Some Experiences of an Air Raid Warden in London. By John Strachey. New York: Random House. 150 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by ISABELLA W. ATHEY

NO, this is not just another piece of Blitz reporting. To indicate its quality, one must begin by negatives. Strachey's account of air raid warden routine shows a different world from that presented to us by the correspondents and the experts. Too often, the up-to-the-minute journalists have seemed to write from grandstand seats at the World Series. London is giving them the scoop of the century. Then, too, they feel they must interpret for us the English character, running the gamut from heroics to lovin; irony, with resulting distortions laughable and sometimes painful.

The Left-wing intellectual who wrote "The Coming Struggle for Power" is obviously not the typical Englishman familiar to American movie audiences, or headline and digest readers. He is the modern educated Englishman whose culture is not decked with timber-work or the quaint conservatism beloved of tourists. He is, therefore, an excellent lens for a picture of air-raid activities in Chelsea, where, in the character of Ford, he finds himself quite casually taking up part-time duties after his flat had been barred to him because of an unexploded bomb. Through Ford, the reader learns not only that it can take four men twenty-six hours to dig a woman out of wreckage, but he is made familiar with all the homely details of the existence of those working with the Civil Defence Services. Putting down the book, one is clearly aware of the kind of clothes one would need, the kind of bed and the length of sleep possible, the very hourly schedule of day after day in raided London. And this unobtrusive emphasis upon the ordinary is the strength of the book. For it is clear that people who behave heroically do not feel heroic, that under a shower of incendiaries they are not melodramatic. After a heavy raid, Ivy who had run a beauty parlor, comes in for a cup of tea,

> It's all very well for you, Mr. Ford. You've traveled; you've seen the world. Things have happened to you. Now it's different for me. I'd so like to go to places and see things. Nothing ever happens to people like me.

The surprising, perhaps shocking, thing is that the extraordinary becomes everyday. So Ford-Strachey, on duty with the men digging for Mrs. Miller, writes:

—Watercolor by Edward Ardizzone from "Britain at War"

> It was one o'clock and another warden came down from the post to relieve Ford. So he went home to wash. He found two people whom he had asked to lunch. . . . He washed, got out of his uniform, and they all went out to lunch at a restaurant in Soho. Ford thought that this was the first peculiar thing that had happened that morning.

The reader is grateful because there is no filter here to make the picture fit conventions of the spectacular. And Mr. Strachey's prose is in accord, a style which results from writing so straight-forward and simple there seems, deceptively, nothing to it. The author is able, deftly and without being tiresome, to indicate some of the larger issues beyond the immediate scene, the importance of civilian organization, and the problems of dealing with bureaucrats. The book is compact and understated, like the Cockney diggers. This is the real thing.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE POETS ON RIVERS

This week's quiz was contributed by Mary A. Strain and Marjorie Smith, of the Tennessee College for Women, Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Allowing 6 points if you can name the river and another 5 if you can recall the poet, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. What river ran
   Through caverns measureless to man
   Down to a sunless sea.
2. What river was asked to
   runne softly till I end my song
3. What river is described at the point
   Where the sewage flows from the village
   And the empty cans and garbage are dumped
   And abortions are hidden
4. What river did the poet see in a vision
   creeping through the black,
   Cutting through the jungle with a golden track
5. Along what river was it so quiet that there was
   No sound save the rush of the river,
   While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead
6. What river says
   Out of the hills of Habersham,
   Down the valleys of Hall,
   I hurry amain to reach the plain,
   Run the rapid and leap the fall,
   Split at the rock and together again
7. By what river
   sits a maiden,
   The fairest of the fair,
   With gold in her garment glittering
   As she combs her golden hair
8. Of what river did the poet say
   But redder yet that light shall glow
   On Linden's hills of stained snow
   And bloodier yet the torrent flow
9. To what river did the poet sing
   How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below
   Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
   There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the lea,
   The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

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Haskell . . .

LANCE. By Edward F. Haskell. New York: John Day Company. 1941. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

MORE than any other novel in recent years this book is the product of the circumstances and surroundings that influenced the author's life. This does not necessarily imply that it is altogether autobiographical, which it is not, even though several people in the novel seem to bear some of the author's characteristics, and apparently the hero, Lance, is a very close approach to self-portrayal. It simply means that the problems the book raises, and tries to solve, are the immediate result of an unusual background and the experiences gathered in the course of an eventful life.

Mr. Haskell is the son of an American missionary and a Swiss mother. His childhood was spent in various Balkan countries, in French and German Switzerland, and in the United States. Thus he came in touch with many cultures and religions, had to adjust himself to countless customs and learn a score of languages. This frequent change of surroundings which might easily have resulted in confusion led him to a conception of the world that is composed of the essential qualities of many cultures, truly a world-view that may be applied everywhere. It led him even further; it laid the foundation to his career as a scientist who through his practical studies in ethnology and anthropology hopes to bring about the abolition of cultural boundaries that separate the peoples of our world.

In times like these when nationalism everywhere is being wilfully incited, this may seem a difficult, if not impossible, endeavor. In his novel, however, the author tries to show that it is just the chaos of the war, though partially caused by this very problem, that creates conditions favorable for a solution. This may be the reason why he has chosen the late months of the last war as the time, and a German prison camp in Bulgaria as the scene. Among the British captives being housed in this camp we find the hero, Lance, a young scientist, who is as much German as he is British. He fights, not for any particular country, but for a more universal outlook of all people and against the greatest obstacles on the road of progress: the segregation of races and the violent forms of nationalism. Unusual circumstances permit him to carry on his fight by careful observation of the people who converge at this cross-

Edward F. Haskell

Idwal Jones

roads of the world. He meets Germans and Russians; Turks and Serbs, and Greeks; English, Irish, and Scotch; he meets war profiteers and conspirators, and heroic soldiers who fight for what they call the freedom of their countries. He also meets Eleanora, the daughter of an American munitions-maker, who, in defiance of her father, has become a communist. Through her he gets involved in a political plot at the end of which he has to face a British court-martial.

It is, of course, a precarious affair to write a novel just for its philosophical implications which, despite the author's practical studies, are still of a rather abstract nature. Often it turns out to be neither philosophy nor novel. Mr. Haskell, however, has succeeded to an almost satisfactory degree. He has presented his problem wrapped into the fitting dress of an exciting novel which anybody will read with profit, once he has overcome the horror of the book's jacket design.

Jones . . .

BLACK BAYOU. By Idwal Jones. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY GOLD

THE theme here is a familiar one: the struggle between owner-exploiter, who has no love for his property except as a means of income and power, and the operator-worker, who identifies his very existence with his job, the land he works. The setting is the Cajun country of Louisiana. It is a land-and-water country, rich in social customs uniquely its own, populated by a people jealous of their own peculiar racial heritage. The novel tells how Captain Tone, drunkard and power-mad, tries to pull Egremont, which he has inherited, out of the tradition which has provided pattern and rules for living that embrace the trappers and farmers who work on the estate as well as those who run it.

The overseer is Rishey Aubain, who was once a muskrat trapper himself; in spite of his college education and his acquired love of farming, he fights Tone's desire to drive the trappers out and drain the swamps for the cultivation of profitable cane. The narrative is complicated by Tone's desire to rule the bayou from an extravagant steamboat, Aubain's love for the daughter of one of the trappers, and floods that burst the levees that guard the estate against the ravages of Old Muddy.

Although it deals with material meaty enough for several novels, "Black Bayou" is interesting only as a picture of a way of life that has no counterpart anywhere else, and it has this interest only fitfully. The book moves very slowly, the action seems somehow to take place between chapters, and the ending, which seems to strive for a high, stirring note, achieves only a vague unsatisfying mistiness.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 383)

DON MARQUIS:
*CENSUS PROPOSALS**

Have you attended school or college during the past year? If so, write on the dotted line what you learned.

Can you speak and write English? What makes you think so?

What Club do you frequent when you leave your job during work hours?

*(Sun Dial Column, *N. Y. Evening Sun,* Jan. 3, 1920).

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of Literature

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BOOKS AND PROPAGANDA

SINCE the United States is not at war with any country, propaganda from abroad, whether for Germany or for Great Britain, or for or against democracy, is not illegal, provided that foreign agencies distributing it are properly registered with the State Department. It is also obvious that an American citizen can express in words or in print any opinion whatever, even if it is violently opposed to the beliefs of the overwhelming majority of his countrymen.

Most people are inclined to think that there is something illicit in undisguised propaganda that is hostile to their beliefs; yet in the eyes of the law a visiting English lecturer, whose fare and whose salary are paid by a department of the British Government and who expresses ideas about the war with which his audiences agree, is on the same plane as the writer of the most arrant pro-Nazi nonsense. Propaganda has its legal rights and its barriers, and has to steer its course between them. It is an elaborate game played by skilful men who are attempting to win Americans to one side or another, and it is fascinating to watch the intricate and precarious moves of its players.

One of the most outrageous of propaganda practices touches the world of books. It consists in distorting the opinions expressed by a writer and giving them a direction or a meaning that would be abhorrent to their creator. In the last war a fine example of this art was in the use of German philosophy in general and Nietsche in particular to build up the legend of the monster superman, as the personification of German barbarism and ruthlessness. The Frankenstein that emerged from Nietsche's works helped to build up the conception of a whole nation of armed savages, with the inference that the Hun, inflated with such horrendous ideas, must be destroyed if the world was ever to be at peace. It also served the purpose of making him look slightly ridiculous in addition, like a bully who must always go about with inflated chest and fist ready to strike.

In the present war the professors have been left out of the propaganda battle. But the distortion of books continues. A recent, if somewhat unimportant case of this nature, has come up. Just before the war an English publisher brought out a book by Simon Haxey entitled "Tory M.P." An interesting and valuable, if somewhat startling, book for students of British democracy, it received a notable press. It proved lucidly what informed readers have always known, that while the British people and most of their institutions are among the most democratic anywhere, their political system still permits a large measure of control over Government by men and families of great wealth. That a great deal of this control is today disappearing under the pressure of enormous taxes and the war does not make Mr. Haxey's book a less valuable and sincere attack on the evils he condemned.

The book was brought out in this country under the title, "England's Money Lords," a few weeks after the war began, although it had been contracted for before the invasion of Poland. Naturally enough, it was received with an almost complete lack of enthusiasm. Since American public opinion was strongly pro-British, few people cared to survey anachronisms in the British system of Government.

But recently Mr. Haxey's book has come violently to life again under a form that has doubtlessly sent him into a rage if he has seen it. A firm called Flanders Hall, situated in New Jersey, asked permission of the publisher to reprint a few extracts and Mr. Haxey's elaborate charts. Shortly thereafter a small book was issued, entitled "The Hundred Families that Rule the British Empire," by one Giselher Wirsing. It appeared to be Mr. Haxey's book rewritten in such a manner that it might be termed a violent attack on Britain as a democracy. It might well have carried the trade mark, "Made in Germany."

There was nothing illegal about the sea change suffered by Mr. Haxey's scholarly book. But this and other publications like it should be examined by readers today with great care, or they may find themselves unwittingly traducing honest and sincere authors. If you find yourself puzzled or annoyed by propaganda literature of this sort, take the trouble to go to the source and find out what the author really said and what he meant by it.

H. S.

The Dearly Dead Remain

By Marguerite Young

THERE will be beer parlors under weaping
Rain trees planted by the elder brother.

In the everlasting shade also will be
Gabriel's footprint in blue chalk outlined
On granite rock, the strange symmetry,
The unknowable with five toes defined,

An arch-angel across these fields that Father
Rapp saw sudden, terrible and bright,
To bring the many sheaves of gold together
And colonize the darkness with this light.

Bloodless veins will shape in air,
They will blossom, hard and round,
They will shadow every where,
They will rise from narrow ground.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Italian music,
The learned lady, the Owenite,
The living men were not intrinsic
To walk upon the wind this night.

For though guarded behind the grey
Of Rappite shutters, there are spinnets
Gilded, none return to play,
Not in the owl's nest are linnets.

Only the dearly dead remain
To populate a little town
Whose grass turns to green in rain
And in no rain, turns brown.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Quizzer Quizzed

SIR:—Mirabile Jictu! Horrible Jictu! Mr. Howard Collins must have a mark of two-and-a-half off for his own quiz!

Cap'n Cutle's name was Ned—Cap'n Edd'ard Cuttle—not Daniel.

Mr. Collins must have had Mr. Peggotty in mind—another seafaring character who was named Daniel—but not the doughty cap'n.

H. PALMER.

Norwich, Conn.

"O. K."

SIR:—In the comments of these theorists [apropos Mr. Benjamin's letter, *SRL*, July 26, attributing the origin of O. K. to the French term, "Aux Cayes"] the history of "O. K." becomes a collection of old wives' tales. In reconstructing etymologies one must have a basis of definite and sound historical citations.

ALLEN WALKER READ.

New York City.

A Late Protest

SIR:—This is pretty late for a protest on the Pulitzer Prizes of 1941 but I have been summering ever since I read about the awards in your May 10th issue. To think that Hemingway was omitted! It's intolerable. Not only intolerable, it's a crime!

When the Pulitzer Committee missed him in "A Farewell to Arms," they made a bad impression. Now again! I don't intend to be partisan, but I think Hemingway has written two novels of which any nation may well be proud. Could it be that the Committee was prejudiced against him? Horrid thought! Three other writers could have won it—Kenneth Roberts, Thomas Wolfe, and Willa Cather. It may have been a lean year for many but these four have produced exceptionally well-written novels for 1941 and undoubtedly better than some Pulitzer Prize winners of past years.

In your editorial you mentioned that there may have been two things which seemed to militate against "For Whom the Bells Toll": that the theme doesn't deal with an American subject—what about "The Good Earth," and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"?—and because the text and treatment seemed a little stronger than previous selections—what about "The Grapes of Wrath"? It's a poor excuse at that. I think the only winner who deserved it was Robert Sherwood for drama.

This unjustified and unpardonable act of the Committee is a glaring illustration of it's incompetence and short-sightedness. Something should be done about it. Silence, they say, is golden, but not here. All the members of the Committee should be replaced, and if the Pulitzer Prize continues in it's present trend it may just as well be abolished.

F. V. AZCARATE.

"Now, you've always wished to discuss the latest books with your friends."

Censorship?

SIR:—I read in the *SRL*, June 7, p. 12, "His Treasury Department post entails the duty of passing on all books which appear suspicious to Customs officials. If he decides a volume is of impure content and unredeemable by esthetic standards, it is destroyed in the presence of witnesses; if he approves, it is returned to the importer. This activity—only a small part of Mr. Cairn's work in the Treasury—is in strict accordance with the statute governing imported books and does not imply any thought of 'literary dictatorship.'"

I read in the Constitution of the United States, amendment 5, "nor shall any person be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." I understand that the purpose of this provision is to prevent the enactment of any law authorizing an officer to take life, liberty, or property by ex-parte administrative action. If a statute can authorize an officer to do this, then I do not know what that clause of the Constitution is for at all. Now the books you speak of are or were the property of somebody, who, as I understand it, is deprived of them by ex-parte administrative action. I am aware that other departments of the Federal government do essentially the same thing; and I have no memory of a time when it was otherwise; but that does not answer my question what are these words in the Constitution for, if a statute can declare anything you like to be due process of law?

I think the owner ought to receive a summons notifying him of a time at which or within which he should appear in defense of his property if he desires to do so. Even if he did not find this worth while, he would derive the benefit of knowing what had become of his book.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Men and Agnosticism

SIR:—Please record this as a one-woman, one-sentence protest at John Gould Fletcher's smug assumption [*SRL*, July 12, page 16] that "every thinking man in our day must . . . tend to agnosticism."

KATHRYN MURCH.

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

Increase of 1500

SIR:—Just to keep the record straight for those who read your article on "America in Guide Books" [*SRL*, June 14] and for those who might read the WPA guide book for Kentucky—Elizabethtown, Kentucky, has grown to the point where it can boast of a population of over 4,000 instead of the population of 2,500 which was mentioned in your article.

JAY BALE.

Elizabethtown, Ky.

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Joseph Wittlin

Giant of Polish Letters

ARTHUR PRUDDEN COLEMAN

"EACH of us," Joseph Wittlin said in an interview with the French critic Champigneulle, "has some Ithaca to reach."

To a man such as Wittlin, accustomed to view life as an odyssey, full of blind buffetings yet purposeful withal, the senseless and awful events that have taken place since he left Warsaw late in August, 1939, for what he supposed was to be a retreat near Paris, do not seem remarkable. Long before they occurred, Wittlin had learned, partly from the shock of his first war, in which as a Pole from Galicia he served in the Austrian army, partly from years of studying Homer and the Bible, and from contemplation of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, to remain unshaken by the jar of earthly happenings. As a result, the horror of his second war, which brings him now an exile to America, has left Wittlin with no perceptible scar. From great literature and from long practice of the contemplative life, Wittlin had learned before the present horror took shape the secret of personal quarantine.

All there is to know about the shy, gentle, almost monkish man whose "Saga of the Patient Footsoldier" has been named by the Polish PEN Club as its candidate for the Nobel Prize, may be learned from the Saga itself, the first volume of which has already been published in an English edition (1939) under the title "Salt of the Earth;" and is soon to appear, perhaps with another title, in an American edition.

Wittlin has often been called the Polish Andreev, and it is of Andreev one is reminded at once by the title of the *Saga:* one thinks instinctively of Andreev's "Confessions of a Little Man during Great Days" and reflects that it is justifiable to link the Pole with the Russian, since Wittlin's work, if not the "Confessions of a Little Man," is unquestionably that "Little Man's" odyssey. Wittlin's hero, Peter, moreover, is certainly the very archtype of those masses of marching men in Andreev's *Red Laugh* who "did not know where they were going," nor "what the sun was for," who, in fact, "did not know anything."

Again, they call Wittlin the Polish Barbusse, and in a sense he is, for his Peter is the very flesh and blood and heart and soul of what Barbusse's *poilu*-hero would be if he were a Polish-Ukrainian Austrian like Peter. For Peter is a single individual who stands for all the individuals who, drawn from the "emptied towns and ruined villages" constitute the "material of war" crowded by Barbusse into *Le Feu.*

SOME call Wittlin the Polish Remarque, and again with a certain amount of justification. Wittlin's saga, like Remarque's familiar "All Quiet on the Western Front," is conceived in pity and elaborated with fine-edged irony, and we can be certain that when Peter passes from the scene, if he does at the end of the saga as it is projected in Wittlin's mind, the report issued by his superior officer—perhaps by the exquisite Bachmatiuk himself—will read as the one did at the end of Remarque's tale, "Nichts Neues im Westen."

But Wittlin differs from his Russian and French and German contemporaries despite the common denominator of background, which is the First World War, and of hero, which is the ordinary individual. Andreev surveyed the common scene and found the poor creatures who marched blindly down the sunbaked roads all mad. Barbusse saw the same men in the filthy trenches of France as instruments, some consciously but the majority without knowing it, of a purpose. Remarque saw the mass of those who fought for Germany as men lost beyond possibility of reclamation. Wittlin saw them as simply—Peter, the Hucul railroad guard from the mountain hamlet of Topory-Czernielica whose single ambition in life was to wear the cap which was the sign and symbol of Imperial service.

Who is Peter? He is the Unknown Soldier, the one universally apotheosized in the *inter bella* years and remembered with cenotaphs and everlasting fires. Visiting diplomats placed expensive wreaths on his tomb and passers-by tipped their hats in his memory.

But what sort of being was this Unknown Soldier? Nobody can say. Nobody knows. He was as unknown humanly as if he had never existed within a human frame or drawn a human breath. The thought of this, of the blank, empty, utter Unknownness of the man struck Wittlin as appalling, and he conceived the idea of revealing him. He set about the task in 1925.

Both before this time and after, Wittlin had lived a good deal in the company of acknowledged heroes. He entered their company in an Austrian war hospital when he began reading the "Odyssey" to pass away the idle hours of convalescence. The poem became so absorbing to him that soon he was translating it into Polish verse. This was a gigantic undertaking and it took Wittlin a long time to accomplish, so that for months and even years he lived in close association with the Great Men of a great world war.

Wittlin knew, however, from his own participation in the twentieth century counterpart of the Greco-Trojan duel, that it is not the Ulysseses who make a war but the nameless, long-suffering soldiers who travel on foot. The idea of these men as heroes fused in Wittlin's mind with the idea of revealing the Unknown Soldier, and so the "Saga of the Patient Footsoldier," whose very name Niewiadomski means "Son of an Unknown Father," was born.

THE quality which more than any other distinguishes Wittlin from contemporaries to whom he has been compared is his Biblicalness. His style is essentially that of the great stories in the Bible: clear, simple, and detached, worthy of significant deeds. His treatment of individuals is Biblical: each becomes a symbol and each is as completely evoked in his symbolic role as a Job or a Daniel. His manner of communicating mass emotion has a Biblical quality too. Wittlin realizes the emotion simply and poignantly through the gestures and sounds of striking and symbolic figures, as in the unforgettable scene of mass despair on the platform of the station of Topory-Czernielica the morning when the troop-train bearing Peter and the other Huculs and all the assorted mountain types to the war begins to pull out. Wittlin's sense of the mystical unity of all life is Biblical too and nowhere more majestically brought into play than in the early scenes of the story where Peter is still in his native village above the mist-hung gorges of the Prut and the Czeremosz.

The Biblical quality of Wittlin's saga, as well also as that of his earlier war poems (*Hymns*), is by no means ex-

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clusively of the Old Testament, though the Old Testament is unquestionably Wittlin's first and greatest model. His attitude toward all humankind, not only toward Peter, whom he loves and who is, in fact, himself, but toward the Austrian officer Bachmatiuk at the other end of the social scale, is Christian and New Testamental: he has regard for both the least and the greatest of men and he sees both deluded in equal measure by the very quality in themselves that makes them nobler than the beasts, the capacity men have for selfless devotion to another human being or to an ideal. Wittlin enfolds simple Peter and elegant Bachmatiuk alike in a common mantle of Pity for their blind loyalty to a shaky old man called the Emperor in far-off Vienna who was in no way worthy of their devotion and only used it to destroy them.

In bulk the sum of Wittlin's writings is not great, for two reasons. For one thing he is an ascetic and requires long periods of silence for contemplative reflection. For another, he is a painstaking craftsman and an almost excessively scrupulous checker of facts. He says he stands in positive terror of giving an impression that does not accord with historic truth. The result is that it took him ten years to write "Salt of the Earth" alone, and this part of the "Saga" is a record of only a very small part of the odyssey of Peter. Masses of material shedding light on the war had to be gone over: old newspapers, old photographs, archives in every part of the Empire had to be examined lest the letters which Wittlin imagined arriving to tell him he had perpetrated an untruth should actually arrive!

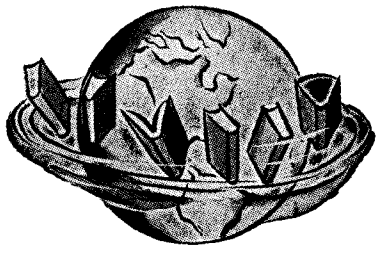
It is to be hoped Wittlin will find in New York the island of silence he never found in Warsaw, where he told me he had to stuff his ears with cotton to keep out the drone of airplanes training overhead. Here, it is to be hoped, he will complete the "Saga of the Patient Footsoldier" and also, after a period of gestation, write something superior to anything that has so far been done—though Remarque has tried it in "Flotsam" and Feuchtwanger before him in *Paris Gazette*—with the theme of the *"Völkerwanderung"* of the twentieth century. No one is better qualified to do it than Wittlin, for he knows Europe thoroughly, from the melancholy expanse of the Podolian steppe, which is native country to him, to the cloister of Assisi and the *cafés* of Paris. He loves Europe and still believes in what he calls "Europe-ism": perhaps he will be able to show Americans, who for the moment are sceptical about it, the goodness and beauty which are still at the heart of this embattled concept.

EIGHT LETTERS TO HERR HITLER

(*Continued from page* 5)

with the true fire. There is something about this war which makes writers think instantly of sharecroppers and pellagra, of joblessness and bitter youth. This is so great an improvement over the topical literature of the last war, almost all of which was designed to prove Anglo-Saxon perfection as against Prussian treachery, that one could almost shed tears of gratitude for it. The genuinely sensitive people of our day are to be found at the mourners' bench; the tough spirits who wrote the blithe and smug hang-the-Kaiser literature of the first World War would today, like as not, be composing essays on behalf of appeasement. It is a strange and wonderful circumstance that those among us who most want to win this war are least certain of our worthiness; they lead on the crusade against Hitler by hymning our defects, not our virtues, and each in his own fashion has caught a glimpse of the vision that to improve our own way of life and to defeat fascism are one endeavor, obverse and reverse of one medal; we need to throw both heads and tails to win.

Mr. Williams's book, the only English contribution to this galaxy (though far from being the only English work on the subject: Mr. Laski, Mr. Strachey, and dozens of others, have written their own four-shilling quickies) tries more desperately than the others to picture in exact terms the kind of democracy that is needed to defeat fascism. The young ex-editor of the *London Daily Herald* sees a future of not-quite-socialism; it is another sign of our times that this is more persuasive than would have been a pat prediction of all-out standard socialism. To the adventure among ideas which is beginning to stir the West, his contributions range from a maximum income of 2000 pounds sterling, to taxation as conscription, to international publicly-owned cartels to control and manage basic materials, to development of colonies under world auspices, and to temporary military management of the continent of Europe after this war by England, but by a far, far better England than exists today.



He sees the peace conferences to come as true world assemblies, meeting not once, but periodically, year after year, to refine and improve the terms of the peace; over-riding all he sees the people of the free and the freed countries stirred by a new sense of destiny and dignity; he is a young man in search of his dynamism, and he sees this democratic stirring not only as the outcome of the war, but as the best weapon for winning it. And if the hard-headed Mr. Warburg sees the future in terms of labor directors on the boards of all large corporations, and if Representative Voorhis sees it in terms of expanded farmers' co-operatives and monetary reform and protected consuming power, and if Mr. Coyle sees it in the form of a better New Deal, who can deny that, looking on this world with horror, they have all seen the same thing, though they may describe it in different terms? Each one says, in his own way, that the world's physician must be able to heal himself. The group quality of their performance lies not only in the fact that they have all written on the same subject, but that they have all written so similarly, as if in response to that recent prediction by Benedetto Croce that the chiefest assurance of more democracy to come lies in the very existence of totalitarianism, an irritant certain to breed antibodies. I wrote it myself, a year ago, and thought myself alone, as no doubt each of these men has, and now we all have a shelf of comrades.

THIS comradeship, blowzy and unformed as it still may be, a fraternity of furious gabbling, a political Mardi Gras, in which each man scribbles his own axes of reference on any handy wall, is nonetheless seeking a pole about which to crystallize in co-ordinate effort. For the past year it has been held together mostly by the courage and personality of Mr. Winston Churchill; if he is not exactly an inspired theorist of democracy, he is at least a brave and honest man, which is even rarer, and will serve almost as well during a war against the seductive appeals of fascism. How much progress in a straight line have these assembled writers made during the last year; what, in other words, has been their mutual movement as a group, regardless of their individual hot licks on the democratic tuba? I should like to say (though this is more a wish than an analysis) that, while a year ago they

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were glumly calling on the unawakened to save democracy, they are now gustily calling on democracy to save the unawakened. This is made clear by Mr. Williams, who thinks reform will create a dynamism, and the dynamism will then save the world. It is least clear in Mr. Coyle's contribution, which has its own merits, however, in the persuasive manner in which he builds up regard for our system, by affectionate and simple description of its errors and accomplishments. It is most clear in Mr. Ingersoll's little book. Mr. Ingersoll has the great merit of being a bad boy. He is not concerned with saving his reputation for dignity, for he has none; he is a new comet and does not have to correlate himself with his previous appearances; with something of the simplicity of the child who pointed out that the king was naked, he stands on his chair and affirms that we must have complete employment for everyone, or else we are neither all-out nor impressively democratic. This simplicity saves him from grievous tactical and political errors. Instead of appealing vaguely to goodwill as Mr. Warburg is wont to do, and Mr. Earle, and Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Coyle; or beating cymbals in an effort to wake the populace (you can't wake anyone in a vacuum), Mr. Ingersoll bids us throw away fear of success, which is even worse than fear of failure, and to work for jobs for all.

IN this, he has found a motor which fully powers his book; for though you cannot alarm the unalarmed into fighting fascism by force of argument alone, you can wake the unemployed by offering jobs, and when all the unemployed have jobs we shall not only produce enough to defeat fascism, but we shall also be all-out in the industrial sense, the only sense that matters; we shall, perforce, have had to resolve those business-as-usual attitudes which are now our chief obstruction. The genius of politics lies in finding a single banner about which the people will want to rally, but around which they cannot rally without solving a host of subsidiary problems; they will then solve them in the act of rallying. Mr. Churchill never cared greatly about increasing labor's voice in government, but he cared very greatly about defeating Hitler; he did the one to do the other. Reform almost always comes on the scene in this sort of surprise package, precisely as the women of England won the vote during the last war by going into the factories to make munitions.

It is for this reason that I say Mr. Ingersoll's book comes closest to calling upon democracy to save us, rather than calling upon us to save democracy, merely because she is a ducky and a dear. He summons the democratic process to put us to work; for all his seeming simplicity he has an acute historical sense of democracy as our shield, not our jewel. All these writers have this same feeling, in varying degrees; all of them, for example, have had enough faith in the democratic process to believe that the writing and reading of books would be of help. To lift that faith to the level, not of ideology, but of methodology, is the central task of men of good will in our time; to search out means for releasing the energy of a free people; to give them a glimpse of daylight ahead, a mere pin-point at first, perhaps, but enough to serve as a beacon; for once they see it they will head toward it and widen it into a flood of light. They can hardly make any progress at all without making magnificent progress; if they but succeed in putting themselves to work, they will beat Hitler; in this field it is a case of one step forward meaning three steps forward.

And there is a kind of elaborate but heart-warming jest involved; each of these men has started his book with the feeling that he was a lone voice, crying in the wilderness; and behold there are many voices and they are all crying together, and while none has awakened the others, they are all awakening simultaneously, which is even better and more solid and more implicit with hope for us. The writing craft has spoken on our problems. Nothing it has said is quite so significant as the fact that, in pretending to speak to us, it has really spoken for us; it has tried to be our teacher and has succeeded in being our representative; look in these books and you will read how our minds run, for every one of these small volumes, directed to the American people, is actually a letter to Hitler from them.

Government in Action

PUBLIC POLICY AND THE GENERAL WELFARE. By Charles A. Beard. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 176 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

ADMINISTRATION AND THE RULE OF LAW. By J. Roland Pennock. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 259 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

THE NEW CENTRALIZATION. By George C. S. Benson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 181 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

IF those who occupy executive and legislative seats of the mighty do not always seem sensible, it is not because they lack light and leading from ivory towers. The professors, whom Charles Beard once called "statesmen without portfolios," pour out a steady stream of analysis and advice—much of it extremely good. No political institutions the world has ever known have ever been subjected to as much contemporary and realistic analysis as have American institutions. The three most recent additions to the series called "American Government in Action" discuss important questions, but it is doubtful whether many of those in the seats of the mighty will ever see them. This is a pity.

Parts of Mr. Beard's book have been seen or heard before—in journals and from platforms. Here, with much new material, they make a powerful and persuasive argument that there is nothing in the Constitution or in the spirit of our government preventing vigorous national action for the general welfare. Laissez-faire has long ben done for. The problem now is the determination of sound public policy and, of equal importance, efficient administration to implement it, for this, as Lord Morley once remarked, "is the keystone of all modern government."

As the tasks of government become more numerous and more complex, will the efficiency of administration keep pace? If the problem of recruitment is solved (it is still unsolved), who is going to direct and dismiss administrators who are found wanting? Long a model for other governments, the British Civil Service in recent

Charles A. Beard

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years has bogged down badly. Men habituated to routine were unable over night to become imaginative and inventive. Those who had endeavored for years to save money could not, when national defense demanded it, suddenly become prodigal. To be sure, the British Civil Service was handicapped because there was indifference at the top. When political heads of offices are lethargic and when this lethargy is mated with the inertia that a bureaucracy always displays, particularly when it is faced by novel tasks, the marriage is naturally barren. That was the case in England before and during the early part of the War. In the United States there is one special difficulty: the bureaucrats are under heads of departments who, unlike the British Cabinet, have no collective responsibility. Many of the inter-departmental squabbles in Great Britain can be ironed out because the ministers are jointly responsible. In Washington, at the present time, the administrative shambles are due in considerable measure to the fact that —inadequate direction and coordination at the top apart—below the top there is no feeling of corporate or collective responsibility and insufficient desire to work together for a common purpose. Not forming a team like a British ministry, officials can attach too much importance to their own prestige and their own departments; they can fight proposals that might lessen pomp or perquisite.

The other two books are on a smaller canvas. Both are competent performances. Mr. Pennock deals adequately and sensibly with one of the most important problems now confronting our government—the reconciliation of administrative discretion and administrative legislation with a regime of law. He recounts the pros and cons of the controversy which raged over the Walter Logan Bill, and the attempt to increase judicial review of administrative determinations. But Mr. Pennock glosses over one important matter: that Congress was uneasy about certain administrative tribunals and not about others. This was because of the men who manned them.

Centripetal and centrifugal forces in the federal system are Mr. Benson's subject. Years ago Elihu Root warned the states that unless they played their roles more competently they would have fewer lines to speak. The part of the federal government would become fatter and fatter. That has happened, and under the impact of defense preparations, the tendency is likely to be accelerated. What has happened Mr. Benson discusses in detail.

Lindsay Rogers is Professor in the School of Public Law at Columbia University.

Bowenettes

LOOK AT ALL THOSE ROSES. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 258 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE fine qualities of Miss Bowen's writing are known from her novels to a public which is discriminating and yet not small; and they are apparent also in this collection of nineteen short stories. Taken as a whole, they show the same almost uncannily delicate perception of certain aspects of character; the haunting evocation of atmosphere, especially all the infinite variations of the atmosphere of brooding frustration; the exquisite style. There is also, running

Elizabeth Bowen

through these stories, and perhaps the more powerful since it arises from the depiction of so many different backgrounds, a strong sense of the aridity of the middle and upper middle classes.

It is significant that the only people who stand out as wholesome and self-reliant against the crowd of characters imprisoned by egoism and cowardice are the hearty, warm-hearted, vulgar woman of "A Queer Heart," who would be jolly if it were not for her self-tormenting daughter and sister; the seamstress in "The Needlecase," who asks no favors in the house of her seducer; and the servant monologuist of "Oh, Madam . . . " whose determination to stay and set the bombed house to rights is contrasted with her mistresses's hasty decision to go to her mother's for the duration.

Style, and a feeling for character, atmosphere, and social relations—they ought to be the qualifications for a great writer of short stories, if in a somewhat narrow vein. But one is compelled to say that taking them altogether, these stories are a disappointment from an author from whom one expects so much as one does from the author of "The Hotel" and "Death of the Heart." Too often, Miss Bowen has yielded either too much or too little to the demands of the short story, seeming to feel uneasily that it is now a stricter form than the novel. She builds up a situation to what is almost a breaking-point of strain, and then either leaves it altogether unresolved, or resolves it with a shameless cutting of the knot which sometimes has the further fault of being out of key with the story. What could be better than the building up of oppressive horror in "The Cat Jumps," that story of some all-too-cheerful intellectuals who take a house which was the scene of a peculiarly horrible murder, to find themselves and their guests growing quarrelsome, and, in spite of themselves, a little frightened, obsessed with the story of the crime, smelling the long-dead woman's perfume, until at last they find themselves locked in their rooms, as the dead woman had been in hers? But what could let one down more sharply than the sort of practical-joke revelation by which the author explains it?

Similarly, Miss Bowen's "The Apple-Tree" is masterly as a progressive revelation and explanation of an obsession in the mind of a child; but at the end of the story we are merely told, "She did not mention, even to Lancelot, by what arts, night and day, by what cynical vigilance, she had succeeded in exorcising the apple-tree." But if the story is to contain an exocrism at all, we should be allowed to witness it; failing that, it would be better to leave the child to its grip.

That, to do her justice, is what Miss Bowen does in some of her stories, the most successful. They are essentially static, *trenches d'ame* rather than *tranches de vie,* mere pictures of souls held frustrated by some weakness of circumstances or both. In the title story, "Look at All Those Roses," while one shares the anxiety of the heroine to escape from the house where she is temporarily stranded with a venomous crippled girl, one scarcely feels her commonplace deliverance as the anti-climax it might be, for one's mind stays behind where the cripple is still preying on herself. Yet even here, one feels, these pictures of prisoners are far less moving than was the slow closing of the prison-house which one saw in "Death of the Heart."

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LETTERS OF FORD MADOX FORD

(*Continued from page 4*)

let me do it while the war was on I do not see why I should go on being subjected to the attacks of blackmailers indefinitely.

(In one of his autobiographical volumes Ford claims that his publishers somewhat resented his "unpronouncable" German name.)

At about this date Ford offered Pinker the opportunity to act as agent for his critical and poetry publications. He more than once offered Pinker money-making advantages. In this case he wrote:

> By the bye [one of his favorite expressions]: would you care to "handle" my poems and smaller critical articles? I find on examining my accounts that I have this year made £316 by these—mostly from U. S. A. —and by serial rights of one poem £44 . . .

Pinker—it seems—overstepped and gossipped about Ford, and Ford wrathfully took him to task. One of the leading literary figures of England was involved. Ford's letter is one of the most scorching documents in literary history. Printed, it would fan a dozen flames into a conflagration. It is a pitiful interruption and lends no credit to J. B. Pinker or Ford. It is astonishing that the business relationship endured until Pinker's death.

In 1929 Ford wrote that his book "No Enemy" was not a novel. "I told you that 'No Enemy' was not a novel but my own reminiscences of the war written just after and, as to one chapter [doing] part of the writing under fire. As such it has, I suppose, a certain documentary value . . . " He did not think his title a good one; but, he said, "I can not think of a better."

Mr. Barton was his correspondent in 1930 and to him he wrote about his famous "Tietjens Saga." It is a comment that is of particular interest today. In part *c* of his letter he says: "I strongly wish to omit the 'Last Post' from the edition. I do not like the book and have never liked it and always intended the series to end with 'A Man Could Stand Up.' "

About the Saga he adds: "I do not like the title 'Tietjens Saga' because in the first place 'Tietjens' is a name difficult for purchasers to pronounce and booksellers would almost inevitably persuade readers that they mean 'The Forsyte Saga' with great damage to my sales." For a general title he suggested "Parades End," with the "Tietjens Saga" for a sub-title.

In this collection there are references to Wall Street, the United States ("May war and desolation wait upon the day when you [My dear Pinker] inspired me to come to this land!"); there are references to his (Ford's) plays; lines that cast light on his own favorite short stories (one was "A Saviour"); there are lines that tell how much, as editor of *The English Review,* he paid Henry James and Arnold Bennett for short stories (Bennett received £25 for twelve thousand words: "You may consider that that is about the price I should pay . . . unless it is by somebody very special."); here, too, are evidences of Ford's relationship with Joseph Conrad. He had written Pinker in 1914 regarding the cinema rights of "Romance":

> . . . As far as I am concerned I am ready to agree to the terms you mention. But I should like to make a preliminary query as to the respective shares of myself and Conrad. On the original book we shared equally but on the rights of the cheap editions Conrad took two-thirds to my one. I did not mind this at that time because Conrad was very hard up. If his financial position is now secure—as to which you must be better posted than anyone else—I think we ought to revert to the original shares, since C. does owe me a certain amount of money and I am not a millionaire and have a good many people dependent on me. Of course if Conrad is not yet straight I don't want to exact this but, if he is, I think I ought to. This, of course, is in strict confidence and I am quite ready to leave the decision to you . . .

In 1927 Ford offered his home to Conrad's son, Borys, and Borys's wife and child. Ford was then at Avignon. "I read . . . they are going to be necessitous which naturally distresses me very much . . . " He believed he could make them quite happy.

Ford wrote Conrad shortly before the latter's death—it was a farewell token. Ford was editor and owner of the *transatlantic review* and sends Conrad a charming proposal. The letter is Ford-typed, on ivory-lined paper; it is the stationery of the Three Mountains Press, Paris. In the upper left hand corner is a rectangle that encloses three conventionalized mountain peaks. There is a motto also: "Levarvi Oculos Meos In Montes."

Dear Conrad:

I have not properly answered your last letter, principally because I have been laid up for some little time—like everyone else in Paris—with an attack of something resembling influenza, which has put everything with which I am concerned back a fortnight or so and—with normal printer's delays in this city to boot—will mean I shan't get my first number out till the beginning of next month. This seems to be usual here, but it is still annoying . . .

You remember that, shortly before the *English Review* was started we wrote in collaboration a short story called the "Story of a Crime." This you gave over to me and it was published in the first number of *The English Review* under a pseudonym; principally because as we were both writing in that number it would have seemed as it were tautological to publish a collaboration. I have looked at it again and it seems to me a pretty good piece of work. I had forgotten about it till the other day when Dents asked me if I could not print a page or two of *Romance* with indications of which passages were yours and which were my writing. They say they have received thousands of requests for this. I could do this as I have still a good deal of the original ms. and all the proofs with corrections, but I could not reasonably print more than a page or so and I do not know how you would like the idea. But I think that to reprint the "Story of a Crime" as a collaboration with a note to the effect that it is old and was published under a pseudonym would have a certain literary and sentimental interest and I should much like to do it. In that case I'd propose to pay ourselves fifty pounds for it and to hand over twenty-five to you, and I would add about three pages of *Romance* analysis in my chroniques in which it would quite legitimately appear: Of course I'd submit it to you before publication . . .

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The Casanova of Noble Sentiment

CASANOVA'S WOMEN. By John Erskine. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1941. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WHEN John Erskine takes up a new character, one has long known what to expect: Malory's heroes were unheroic, Ulysses was not quite bright, and nothing ever happened as it was reported to posterity. The formula no longer surprises, but deftly and gaily exploited, as it usually is, it still entertains. The dialogue crackles with an admirable imitation of wit, and glitters with the polish of an infinite worldliness. The tale trips lightly to its not unanticipated conclusion, and one is left on the last page with a feeling of comfortable superiority to the famous dead, as if one had been reading the Walter Winchell of Valhalla. In this vein Mr. Erskine and his numerous readers may happily go on together forever. The material is practically inexhaustible.

Casanova, as a subject, however, turns out less amusingly than might have been expected. In revising our estimate of Casanova's amatory exploits the formula has, this time, the support of the psychologists who gravely assure us that if the Chevalier de Seingalt had been capable of the conquests he boasted of he would not have sought them, and if he had enjoyed them he would not have bothered to record them afterwards in such convincing detail. In a word he was just another sufferer from a Don Juan complex, compensating in imagination for the defects of reality. One is prepared, therefore, to discover that Casanova's experiences with women were always unsatisfactory and usually humiliating, and not even surprised to learn that he was actually a person of noble sentiments and delicate moral sensibilities. It ought not to have been hard, following the formula, to turn the *Memoirs* inside out and demonstrate as such. But apparently Mr. Erskine found it still easier to invent a totally new set of adventures, more implausible than any the *Memoirs* record. He changes not only the record of the *Memoirs* as to external movements, but the hero's appearance and circumstances, and endows him at twenty-one with a reputation which the actual Casanova could scarcely have acquired before he was fifty, and a naiveté which he must have lost before he was fifteen. It is too easy to knock over such a straw man. His mishaps may supply the matter for a mild *pastiche* of the eighteenth century picaresque, but they can offer no just occasion for the satire and wry wisdom with which John Erskine has spiced his better tales.

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UP TO NO GOOD *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.)	Archaeologists Tim Mulligan and Elsie Hunt satisfactorily isolate killer of Peruvian research expedition chief and three others.	Physical malformations and effect of rarefied Andean air keys to unexceptional puzzle staged in unusual and well-described surroundings.	Picturesque
THE HOLLOW CHEST *Alice Tilton* (Norton: $2.)	Leonidas Witherall, aided by customarily goofy crew, careens through amazing adventures involving slain banker, bond-bearing chest, and multifarious meddlers.	Funny in spots, forced and tiresome in others. Moves at breakneck pace from extravagance to incredibility and back again.	For Witherall fans
THE HUNGRY DOG *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Cragg and Fletcher, book-peddlers who always gravitate into murder, inherit dogfarm and accumulated crime—both eliciting hilarity and thrills.	Exuberant leading men and their plentiful stooges, canine and human, romp through plot packed with action and fun—tho' slightly incredible.	Brisk and boisterous
THE BAMBOO BLONDE *Dorothy B. Hughes* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Shooting of Cal. beauty puts Con Satterlee, ace newscaster, on trail of bigger game, to his own peril and wife's exasperation.	Sinister and unscrupulous characters seeking vital war-time radio data give intricately-built and urbanely-written tale that timely touch.	Up to snuff

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The Sacred State

THE RELUCTANT REPUBLIC. By Frederick F. Van De Water. New York: John Day Co. 1941. 339 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SARAH CLEGHORN

IT is not, we suppose, by way of an anesthetic that in this year of hate and murder we Vermonters celebrate the one great enlargement of our horizon, a hundred and fifty years ago —our admission to the United States— by backward glances at our quarrelsome and subdivided past, rather than by pioneering in our turn toward a freer and more cooperative future. After all, it's the usual way of celebrating anniversaries.

And our recently acquired fellow Vermonter, F. F. Van De Water, has put Ethan Allen and his comrades in a flaring camp-fire light such as they lived in, with all their vivid confusion and row.

Dashing and alive as his book is, it has assembled a great deal of history and candid background. Pretty staccato reading, as it rushes hither and yon after those sons of thunder whose rapid coat-tails "you could have played checkers on!" But that is the most realistic way of presenting them; and it puts us in the best mood possible for relishing both Ethan Allen's demolishing reply to the "York" lawyer who presumed to quote Blackstone,

> "... With my logic and reasoning from the eternal fitness of things I can upset his Blackstones and his whitestones and his tombstones and his brimstones."

and also the entry by Yale's then President, Ezra Stiles, in his diary on February 13th, 1789:

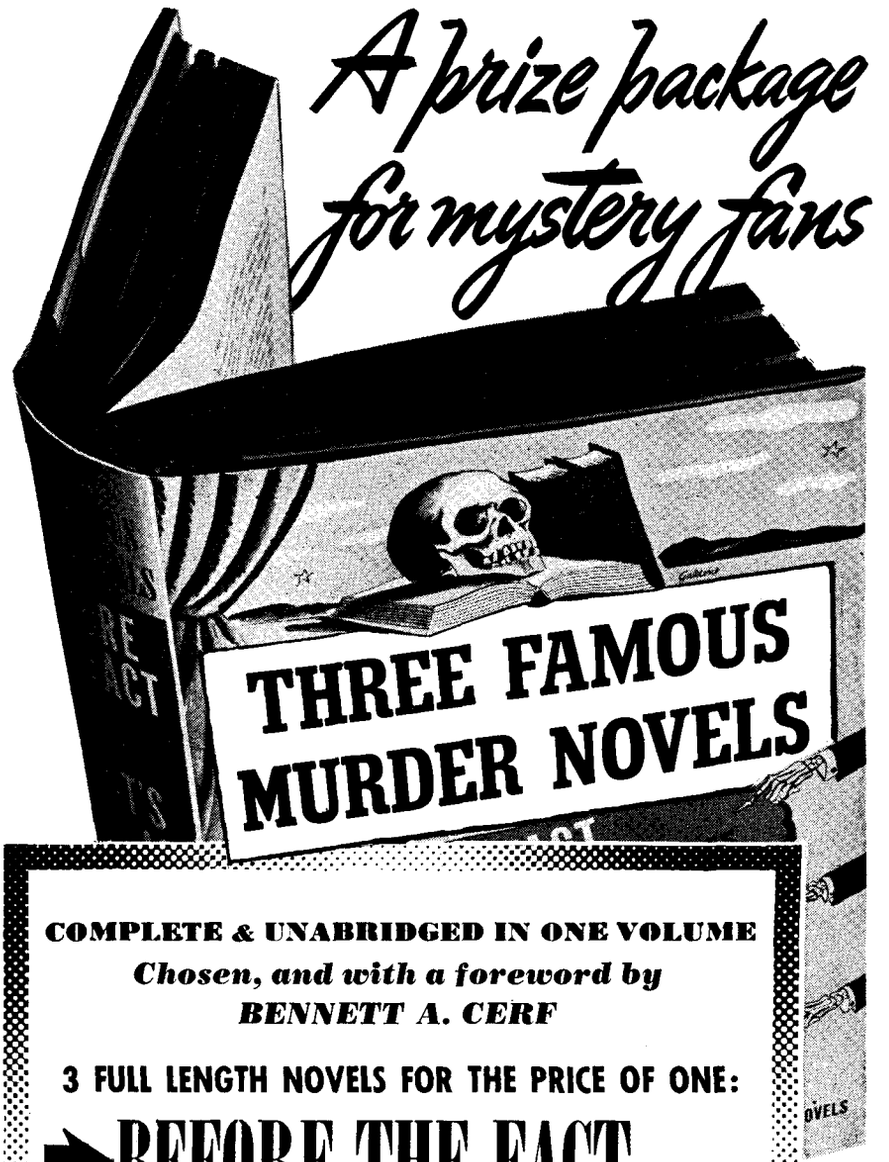
> "This day Ethan Allen died and went to hell,"

with its flavor of the cultivated Pharisee.

There will be many chuckles in Vermont over this book.

Swastika Standard Time

During the first cruel winter of the German occupation of France, French school children and their parents in the occupied territory were at work long before dawn, which did not come until nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Thomas Kennan, in his forthcoming book on the Nazis' economic conquest of France called "France on Berlin Time," explains that this awkward situation is due to the fact that occupied France now runs on Berlin time.



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South American Round-up

THE OTHER AMERICA. By Lawrence Griswold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 360 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

THIS is a diligent compilation of facts on the geography, natural resources, industries, agriculture, naval and military forces, historical beginnings, and government personnel in 1941 of the eleven South American countries from Panama to Argentina, and the three Guianas. It is a useful reference book, containing material which otherwise would have to be looked up in several reference works and standard histories. There are also interesting statistics, such as the exact number of schools in every province and the number of teachers and pupils. Only in a guide-book would the reader find a similar list and short description of towns with as few as 7,700 inhabitants. The fact that Mr. Griswold is an archeologist perhaps explains why in most cases the history of the various countries is rather detailed for past centuries, dismissing with a few sentences the more recent periods.

It is in his interpretations that the author differs radically from most of the recent books on the Americas. On page 4, at the beginning of the chapter, "The Rift Between the Americas," we meet the expression "the rabble rousing cry of 'democracy'." The author does not hide his preference for dictators and on page 11 we read, "Both Gomez and Leguia were autocratic dictators with records—in the modern conception of social morality—of far from ethical actions, but both Venezuela and Peru were better off for their leadership." He also assures us that the Latin American countries have "little fear of totalitarian ideologies" as they are only "bogies of the literati and the bourgeoisie."

Writing of the liberal party of Colombia, at present in power, he states, " . . . and the liberals, a communist dominated group whose protagonist, Dr. Alfonso Lopez [the former president of the Republic], Colombia's New Dealer and his recent policies foreshadowed a destructive intransigeance."

The present liberal regime of Chile, whose President Aguirre is a mild right-wing liberal and got into power against the conservatives by a combination of all left-wing parties, is characterized as follows: " . . . The Leftists, whose ideology seems to be a mixture of communism and anarchy. The last party has been considerably swelled by the arrival of refugee anarchists and syndicalists from Spain." (The author probably overlooks the fact that the anarchists have no party and, as recent arrivals, have no vote.) The chapter concludes, "One would rest . . . with considerably more comfort if the Government were composed of fewer communists." Every official year book will testify that there are no communists in Chile's administration and never were. The author makes the dreadful prophecy, "It seems certain that, in the next few months, Chile's attempt at a compromise government will fall under the control of radicals whose policies are formulated in Moscow." The Radical Party—not "radicals" are in power, and that party consists of moderate liberals.

In spite of the general accuracy of the facts, the writing, in spots, might qualify for the Non Sequitur Department of the *New Yorker*. For instance, " . . . deRosas continued to flourish, and, in 1848, some member of his government took time out to import the first shorthorn bull into the Republic. The following year Argentina declared war on Brazil." And on the same page, "Fortunately General Mitre was unafflicted with an excess of genius. Under his administration, a constitution was adopted, Mendoza suffered a severe earthquake, and a civil code was drawn up and adopted."

Whether a book on Latin America written in such a spirit will contribute much to our good relations with our best *friends*—the more liberal countries there—and further mutual hemisphere defense, is open to question.

AT this point the moral is a mile wide: THE SATURDAY REVIEW belongs in my weekly reading diet.

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The Bookseller, London.

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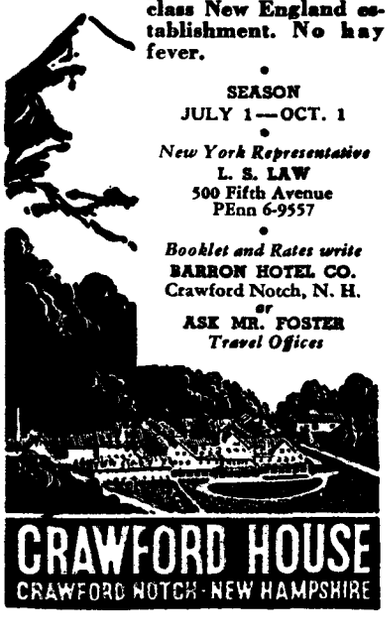

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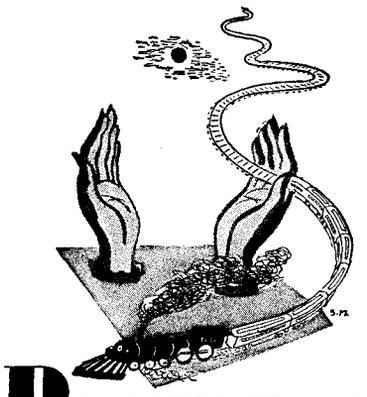

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Double-Crostics: No. 384

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

					1- L	2- Q	3- M	4- C	5- G	6- O	7- F		8- T	9- E	10- N	11- K
	12- S	13- N	14- E	15- T		16- W	17- R	18- F	19- B	20- V		21- A	22- E		23- K	24- P
25- O	26- L	27- M		28- V	29- X	30- J	31- R		32- B	33- O		34- V	35- L	36- R	37- J	38- H
	39- X	40- G	41- P		42- F	43- Q	44- K	45- U		46- P	47- S	48- C	49- F	50- N		51- F
52- U		53- K	54- A	55- U	56- B		57- T	58- F		59- I	60- B	61- V		62- S	63- T	64- R
65- B	66- N		67- C	68- D	69- S		70- G	71- M	72- Q	73- V		74- W	75- S	76- J	77- B	78- U
79- X	80- Q	81- K	82- R	83- M	84- H	85- A	86- O		87- A	88- R	89- F	90- V	91- K	92- G	93- M	
94- C	95- A	96- E	97- O		98- I	99- T	100- U		101- B	102- T		103- Q	104- W	105- V	106- L	107- X
	108- I	109- L	110- P	111- T	112- N	113- G		114- C	115- P	116- Q	117- H	118- R	119- J	120- M		121- V
122- S	123- X	124- O	125- K	126- M		127- Q	128- M	129- R	130- I	131- H		132- E	133- M	134- H	135- D	
136- I	137- V	138- U	139- P	140- K		141- S	142- B	143- O	144- G		145- V	146- J	147- O		148- O	149- A
	150- A	151- B		152- K	153- G	154- O		155- D	156- G	157- K	158- R	159- J	160- W		161- C	162- G
	163- N	164- S	165- J	166- M	167- X		168- A	169- B	170- D	171- I		172- A	173- N	174- U		175- U
176- C	177- Q		178- W	179- H	180- M	181- X	182- S	183- L	184- I	185- P						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Mohammedan reformers (strong in Arabia).
B. Spontaneous unsought oracles (Gr. relig.)
C. Like a stone.
D. Rob on the highway (thieves' slang).
E. Cry of bacchanals.
F. Creeping.
G. Acts beneath one's rank and character (verb).
H. Tisiphone or Alecto.
I. Heaps together in disorder (verb).
J. River of woe (class. myth.)
K. Small quantities.
L. Signs to indicate direction.
M. Act of making good for loss.
N. Satirical utopian tale by Samuel Butler (1872).
O. City of storks (Europe).
P. American orator and statesman (1794-1865).
Q. Thick gruel.
R. British coins of small value.
S. Agreeable to the taste.
T. Designating style in song or tune of high pitch (ancient Gr. music).
U. Author of "Rudder Grange."
V. Shameless boldness.
W. Mental inclination (in U. S.)
X. Excited, restless.

WORDS

87	172	95	54	21	150	168	149	85		
60	142	151	101	19	169	32	65	56	77	
4	67	94	176	161	48	114				
68	170	155	135							
22	132	96	9	14						
58	89	18	51	42	49	7				
5	156	162	153	113	40	144	92	70		
84	134	117	179	38	131					
108	171	59	98	130	136	184				
30	37	119	159	165	146	76				
53	125	81	157	91	152	11	44	140		
35	26	183	109	1	106					
93	133	166	27	180	120	3	126	128	71	83
50	173	66	163	13	10	112				
6	147	33	25	143	86	148	97	154	124	
24	110	115	41	185	46	139				
43	80	103	72	2	116	127	177			
129	17	31	158	88	64	36	118	82		
62	164	122	12	47	69	75	141	182		
57	102	8	63	111	99	15				
45	175	138	78	55	174	52	100			
73	34	121	61	137	28	90	105	145	20	
104	178	160	74	16						
39	29	181	167	123	79	107	23			

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TRADE WINDS

PLEASURABLE and informative reading is almost always found in the various library journals and periodicals that find their way, from time to time, to our desk. In the June issue of the attractively tinted green cover of *The Princeton University Library Chronicle,* we were fascinated by J. Harlin O'Connell's essay, "A Collector Looks at the Nineties." The subject deals with English authors and the imprint of permanency that is attached to many of the writers and artists that we enjoy so much today.

☞Mr. O'Connell is a collector of discrimination and erudition. He writes with ease and warmth, and taking Aubrey Beardsley as a symbol of that era, relates how John Lane and Henry Harlan, American, founded the famous *Yellow Book* and thus brought Beardsley to the fore as an artist of great importance. We never knew, for instance, that one of the circumstances that brought about the cessation of *The Yellow Book* was the fact that when Oscar Wilde was arrested in 1896, it was reported, and incorrectly, that he was found with a copy of the publication. And together with some of the drawings that Beardsley contributed, which were considered indecent, the *Yellow Book* reached issue number 13 and then died.

☞We learn too of the frequent meeting of the poets—Richard Le Gallienne, Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, William Butler Yeats, and Arthur Symons around the tables at Doctor Johnson's favorite tavern, the Cheshire Cheese.

☞The history of Ernest Dowson and Francis Thompson makes interesting reading. Dowson was an invalid practically all of his life. He lived recklessly and drank to excess. He fell in love with a waitress who showed little interest in the poet. In Mr. O'Connell's collection there is a poem on the back of a letter to Dowson, the original draft of his "Valediction" to Adelaide, the waitress. It begins:

If we must part,
Then let it be like this:—
Not heart on heart
Nor with the useless anguish of a kiss—
But touch mine hand and say,
"Tomorrow or some other day,
If we must part."

☞Adelaide, the waitress, eloped with the waiter and Dowson died soon after from drinking.

☞Francis Thompson, who studied to be a doctor because of his father's insistence, left the study of medicine and made his way to London. His early days were tragic. Hungry and destitute, he was found in the gutter by a girl of the streets and was taken to her rooms where she nursed him back to health. During his convalescence he continued to write verse. One of them found its way to Wilfred Meynell, editor of *Merry England,* who immediately recognized the genius of Thompson. Shortly after, John Lane published his first volume, "Poems." There is, of course, much more to Mr. O'Connell's essay and we congratulate *The Princeton University Library Chronicle.*

★ ★

☞*American Notes & Queries* is a new publication through which unsolved questions in the field of Americana are aired; and their answers, in turn, recorded. In the first issue we find a query from Jonathan Daniels, an old contributor to the *Review,* seeking the source in crap shooting for the terms "Big Dick from Boston" (number ten), and "Little Joe" (number four). Perhaps the correct answer will appear in the next issue, but whatever it may be—a ten and a four are still hard to make, especially when your last dollar is riding on either point.

★ ★

☞J. A. wants to know what allusions to railroads appear in American fiction before "The House of Seven Gables" (1851), while The New Orleans Public Library wants to know when and where did post cards originate and whether they were invented by an American. So if *American Notes & Queries* can give us the correct answers we say we need you badly.

★ ★

☞Correction: In last week's *Trade Winds,* we said, "We especially commend Caxton Press, Des Moines, Iowa. . . ." The name and address is incorrect. It should read "Caxton Printers. Caldwell, Idaho.

★ ★

☞From the London *Bookseller,* we learn that James Truslow Adams has turned over his royalties on "An American Looks at the British Empire," to the Oxford University Press for war purposes; and that Bruce Rogers, the typographer, has returned his check for his work on the "Hesperides Series" to the publisher. Both sums have been turned over to the Book Trade Spitfire Fund.

★ ★

☞Oh, yes, the editor of this journal has just been presented by Mrs. C. with a sparkling new baby girl. Name: Andrea.

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